

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
MFA FINAL VISUAL PRESENTATION

by

MARNA LEIGH BUNNELL

A THESIS

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IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF FINE ARTS


IN

PRINTMAKING

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FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty
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Final Visual Presentation

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fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Art.

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TITLE	DATE	MEDIUM	SIZE
Working Women Working	1996	Litho/Screen	40" x 60"
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Just Another Prostitute	1996	Litho/Screen	38" x 58"
The Average Age of Entry...	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 59"
Cinderfuckingella	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 60"
Prostitution is About Power...	1996	Litho/Screen	40" x 59"
I Love You	1996	Litho/Screen	58" x 38"
Bad Date	1996	Litho/Screen	45" x 62"
My Heart	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 60"
Fly Away...	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 56"

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The Falling Dolls

Mama Bunnell

- 1/ *I Love You* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 58" X 38"
- 2/ *Cinderfuckingella* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 39" X 60"
- 3/ *I'm Growing a New Heart* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 57"
- 4/ *The average age of entry into prostitution is 15* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 39" x 59"
- 5/ *Prostitution is about power not sex* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 59"
- 6/ *Bad Date* 1996
Silkscreen 45" x 62"
- 7/ *Just Another Prostitute* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 38" x 58".
- 8/ *Fly Away* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 39" x 56"
- 9/ *Death Dance* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 60"
- 10/ *My Heart* 1996
Litho/Silkscreen 39" x 60"
- 11/ *Working Women Working* 1994
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 60"
- 12/ *Sexual Harassment is not Your Fault* 1994
Litho/Silkscreen 37" x 54"
- 13/ *The Power is in Our Hands* 1994
Litho/Silkscreen 37" x 54"

THOUGHTS ON THE GAME...

Cold, Unpredictable and ^Vicious.
Standing on the corner under the lights
Looking like a tramp
Feeling like a slut
Wear the mask
Night after night

Start to believe you are who you portray
in your self inflicted hell
This is what you know
~~and~~ yes you ~~know~~ it well
You know nothing more than this way of life
so you stay
each night
each day
you fall deeper into the inevitable hopelessness
writing it all off as looking for happiness

Looking for love
Looking for happiness in a world where neither
exist
Your survival tools are latex and a bad date list
False hopes
 Broken promises
 and
 shattered dreams
are the foundation of this so-called
glamour.

Little girl...
why do you return each night to try your hand in the game
in which no one has ever won?

Six shot pistol
one ~~bullet~~ in the chamber little girl.

The man pulls up -
your heart is racing.
You look him the eye
What are you facing?
Life or ~~Death?~~
So you stay or do you go?

. Note the car
Note his face
Never forget his hands
For his hands will let you go unharmed...
or they will ~~control~~ you
make you conform to his demands

Put on another ~~mask~~ **mask**
Smile

Stay calm

Remember you know what you're doing and you'll be done in a while
hard fast cash


You've got it now in your hands
It's the reason you're in the game.
Its' fast cash yes
and it's **so** very hard

The stakes are high
The price you pay for the price is your
life
Your hand innocently in your pocket
Resting on your only weapon

A SMALL KNIFE

O.K. Little one...
Close your eyes quick now.
Try not to smell his cologne and sweat
as he places his hands upon you.
Block your mind of what you're doing
as you do what he wants you to.

I know every fibre in your body screams
of hate and fear
Keep up the good work
Grin and bear his perverse obscenities -
He may be back for you again next week dear

Sweet  **Angel**...
The clock is ticking and
His time has almost run out.
He's used your body long enough
for the dollar price you have put upon it

Remember!
Satisfaction or no money back!
~~Never~~ break your street code of ethics
the dollar price goes up or
he takes you back to the danger of the track

Little girl will he
turn on you???
Will he listen???
If he becomes **Violent**...
What will you do?

Precious one,
lady **luck** is on your side
tonight
He pays up and once again
has his way with you
without a fight.

His attitude changes now
you served your purpose to him
and him to you
He drops you off
where he was so lucky to have found you.

You're alone once again
on the
 cold
 unpredictable **V**icious
corner where you now feel
suddenly so safe...

You played the game and won.
You pulled the trigger on Your life
and this time you drew an ace

Little girl
you're a survivor who can't
even look at her own face

But because you were so scared
minutes earlier;
you fool yourself into
believing
that you do care...

Amazing how you're already in possession
of the liquid death that helps you forget
you were even there...

Little girl...
when will you put an end
to this **madness**?
Quit the game you so stubbornly play.
Quit walking the fine line between
reality and insanity
Put your gun away

* Don't quit a day too late little one
reach for the stars and *
Turn your back on the bullshit *
* while you're still **Young** *

* * *

Nothing is truly stopping you
Only you.

I know the **pain** is intense
and the memories are almost impossible to bear....
but I promise you
There is light at the end of the tunnel
It's worth the **struggle**
and I know because
I was there

Hold your head high
Don't let life's setbacks and **traps**
get you down

For you know as well as I
that any life is better
than the one you're living
downtown.

Holly Carmichael

IN MEMORY OF.... ELAINA "BUNNY" ROSS
CHARMAINE PIDLESNY
&
ANGELA ATTWOOD

- Dear friends who are sadly MISSED -

